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SOUTH BEND, INDIANA, DECEMBER 1, 1913

A CONTINUOUS CONGRESS.

Congress has adjourned. Congress has convened. For the first time one session has bumped plump up against another. The controlling powers permitted no interval for rest and relaxation between the two. The exigencies of the moment demanded continuous action.

The first session, beginning in March, was only incidentally preliminary to the second, which opened at noon yesterday. It was called for a specific purpose, or for two specific purposes. Other legislation was not permitted to interfere. One of these specific purposes was accomplished. The other goes over into the new term. The tariff was revised downward. The first definite step toward placing the tariff on a sound business basis was taken. The currency legislation projected could not be completed. A more bitter and determined opposition developed.

We deduce from the results that while the country was ready and eager for both reforms the interests involved were differently disposed toward the issues. True there was antagonism to tariff revision, but it lacked the organization and force of the opposition to reformation of the currency. A plausible defense of high tariff could no longer be made. Such a defense was an obvious absurdity. Congress had comparatively little hesitation about using the knife.

Currency legislation is a different proposition. It eats into the control of the money power, a dictatorship that has enjoyed uninterrupted sway for half a century. It would be strange if this interest did not fight for what it has come to regard as its inalienable right. The fight has been prolonged and bitter. It will be continued in the present session. But the administration is as determined as the opposition. Its whole power and influence will be used to secure legislation which is equally if not more important than tariff reduction.

WHY NOT A POVERTY CONGRESS?

Considering the liberal demand that is being made these days upon those who are able to give, and all for laudable purposes, it is enough to cause one to stop and consider again what it is so wrong in our economic and industrial Denmark, as to make such demands necessary.

The churches of course, we have always with us, and their needs to compensate the pastors, support their missionaries, and even build new edifices are commonplace.

Likewise the Anti-Saloon League that hailed down upon us Sunday and took up a collection, is a regular visitor, and will pass with but mere mention.

And quite the same with regard to the fund being raised for Elmer Yelton, the Y. M. C. A. worker in China.

But in addition, we have with us now the children's dispensary movement; the sale of anti-tuberculcsis red-cross stickers, a request for $50,000 for an Epworth hospital charity ward, and finally Christmas.

Indeed, if you have any loose money it need not go begging for a worthy place to spend itself during these December days.

The point made especially applies to the children's dispensary, the red cross stickers, and the charity ward at the hospital. It might be said of these that "the poor ye have always with you," and pass that up too as commonplace, but we do not take it that the Great Book, in making that discovery, meant to express it as a mandate for all time to come.

Poverty is a condition and a present condition which must be dealt with on the basis of present necessities, but will there never be a solution to the problem, and the troublesome condition be wiped out?

Solutions upon solutions have been offered but none of them seem capable of general acceptance. Some of them are economic; others sociological. Frequently they are diametrically opposed to each other, and in the efforts to apply them, they pull and haw in such different directions as to really work for worse conditions instead of better. The world has been working on the problem for nobody knows how many years, and we seem to be quite as far from a right solution as ever.

Some say it is constitutional; the product of weakness in the individual, inherent or acquired.

Others declare it economic, the outcome of a wrongly constructed financial and industrial system.

Still others blame social inequality, ignorance and worldly wickedness, while still others, probably the nearest to the right, would fix the responsibility upon all these agencies, and more.

Surely there is enough here for the man or woman, who cares to think, to think about, and think hard.

And thinkers, earnest thinkers, with fair minds in level heads, must work out the remedy if one is ever found. We have had purity congresses, and peace congresses; single tax congresses, conservation congresses, and scores of other congresses with one end in view, but with the exception of the rallies of the amalgamated hoboes, who ever heard of a poverty congress?

We are not expecting anyone to call one soon, but as the colonel used to say when he was campaigning for his third term for president, it might not do some of the reformers any great harm to "think it over."

THAT CITY ATTORNEYSHIP.

Those men who are urging the appointment of Eli F. Seebirt for the city attorneyship, in preference to W. E. Miller, the progressive city chairman, whether they be republicans, progressives or democrats who have affiliated with the citizens' movement, are, to say the least, not without logic and reason upon their side.

One thing that Mayor-Elect Keller must look out for in selecting his appointments, if he would keep them true to his platform is the naming of men to important positions whose presence there will be an evidence of any deals for support, and Mr. Miller, as city attorney, would to the casual observer, be an evidence that would require a lot of explaining to put it at its mildest.

None of us are so thin-skinned as to say the mayor-elect must go entirely outside the citizen party workers for his appointments, so long as there are men inside competent to fill the bill, and Mr. Seebirt surely measures up to the qualifications. On this basis too, we would say, where workers are recognized, and the qualifications are equal, the one who did the most work is surely entitled to the preference. Here Mr. Seebirt measures up again. Besides Mr. Seebirt was in the party quite as early as Mr. Keller himself, and worked hard from beginning to end, so that his appointment could scarcely evidence an understanding at any stage of the game.

It is true that Mr. Miller turned over to the citizens' party, the progressive party machinery for use at the election, but even that was accomplished with Mr. Seebirt's assistance, as witness the court proceedings that kept the progressive chairman his job. We are not disposed to dispute Mr. Miller's fitness for the job. The point is that with Mr. Seebirt as well fitted, and a more persistent worker, the appointment of Miller will make it difficult for the public to conceive the absence of a deal in the move.

Indeed, under such conditions we would hardly expect Mr. Miller to want the appointment. He is still city chairman and would have no definite right to expect an appointment on that account, even though the mayor, a progressive, had been elected on a progressive ticket. And especially is this true if Mr. Keller should appoint a progressive to the controllership, which current rumor indorses as likely.

The city attorneyship is the second important office within the mayor's gift, and it would seem that the republicans, for their interest in the fusion should be recognized somewhere—another point in Mr. Seebirt's favor.

Of course, crossing a bridge before one comes to it is always quite out of order, yet all of us being citizens, and assured as we are of a citizens' administration for the next four years, it naturally develops that we want to see things start off with as bright prospects, and as little room for criticism, as possible.

BULL MOOSERS ARE OBDURATE.

F. E. Lambert, district chairman of the progressive party, is full of enthusiasm since his return from the state rally at Indianapolis last week; full of real thanksgiving.

"The republican party is dead," he says of the G. O. P. "We witnessed its passing last fall and do not propose to be sassed by its corpse."

The district chairman doubts if the strength of the new party in Indiana has waned one bit, if it is not even stronger now than a year ago.

This is sure to be unwelcome news to those G. O. P. manipulators here, in Ft. Wayne, and elsewhere over the state, who during the recent municipal campaign threw aside their partisan banner in the hope that a fusion with the progressives in the disguise of a citizens' tickets, would serve as an olive branch which would be certain to draw the new party men back.

And yet they won't return. To put it in the language of George Ade, the progressives are saying, "in reply to your extension of the olive branch, we hand you a fountain pen. Step up and sign our 1912 national platform."

Will they do it? The progressives who rallied at Indianapolis last week think not. They are not expecting any such acceptance of their principles from the party of Penrose, and Barnes Smoot, Root, and William Howard Taft.

Verily the party that has so long boasted of having saved this country, and then made it all that it is, appears to be rent very much in twain, and nothing under the sun, nor even fusion, has as yet appeared to "unrent" it.

SPIRITISM AS A DETECTIVE.

Something new in the annals of Indiana jurisprudence bids fair to be analyzed before the end of the trial of Dr. Wm. R. Craig at Shelbyville, for the murder of Dr. Helene Knabe of Indianapolis.

That something is how far spiritualism can safely be employed in the detection of responsibility for crime.

It is asserted that the detective that run Dr. Craig to earth is a spiritualist and employed a spiritualist medium in the accumulation of tips around which was built the monument of facts, or alleged facts, that are to be used to establish the accused's guilt.

Attorneys for the defense are determined to place the "psychic" on trial. This is evidenced by the line of questioning put to the veniremen in securing a satisfactory jury. They are asked to state whether or not they will convict on evidence procured through a spiritualist medium. Certainly they should not, that is, unless the evidence thus furnished has been substantiated by living beings, perhaps brought to light by that process, but who can testify outside of it.

But suppose it should happen that what the medium told has been substantiated by living witnesses? Spiritualism is still on trial, and the voice from the spirit world will have received a judicial indorsement that may have a far reaching influence. The outcome of this case is likely to be watched with interest, quite as much on account of this queer way of working it up, as of the sensational murder that is involved in it.

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STATESMEN REAL AND NEAR.

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By FRED C. KELLY.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 30.—This is to deal with the horrible mistake made by former Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson when he had his official portrait painted.

The portrait now adorns the walls of the outer office of the secretary of war, face to face with pictures of Edwin M. Stanton, William Tecumseh Sherman, and other grave old war secretaries and war heroes. There the picture is to remain through the succeeding ages, as a constant source of inspiration and comfort to the young of our broad land.

Now let us suppose that you were about to have your protrait there. It is to be painted, mind you, not by the man who paints pictures on the sides of ice wagons and on saloon mirrors, but by a high-priced artist, and the result is to be permanent. You can't come around in a few weeks and sit again. Doubtless, in view of the company in which you are to be thrown, you would wish to glare forth from those walls just as solemnly as anybody. When the painter got ready to use you for his target, you would indubitably put on your best clothes, a high collar, roach your hair back in neat, conservative fashion, and try to look as dignifiedly smart as if you had just that minute arrived at the solution of an intricate problem in higher mathematics.

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Did Henry L. Stimson approach the situation in any such attitude as that? No, frankly he did not. Instead of getting out his Sabbath clothes when the painter came around, he determined that he would make himself instrumental in brightening up the portrait gallery of the war department, and he hunted up the most ornate riding clothes he had. His family tried to remonstrate with him but he had his mind made up to go down to posterity looking like the cover design of the mid-summer fiction number of a 15-cent magazine. He put on a pair of tan riding breeches, a yellow coat, a yallery vest, a stock in place of a collar, seized his riding crop, clutched his gloves jauntily in one hand, jabbed a thumb of that hand into a side coat pocket—which gives an effect only a trifle less jaunty than slapping one's gloves against the thigh—and then he stepped up before the printer and bade him do his worst.

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The result is a work that seems to have been done by Harrison Fisher in collaboration with George Barr McCutcheon and Richard Harding Davis. If one didn't know it was Stimson one would say just offhand that the man's name was Cecil Mainwaring or Algy Trevor, and that in the closing chapter he will be forced into marriage with an athletic young creature named Mathilde van Tulle. Certainly one would never suspect from the picture that Stimson's name is Henry.

As a matter of fact, this tendency toward ornate portraiture in the war department gallery was started by no less a person than William Howard Taft. Up until the time Taft retired as secretary of war, the pictures there had been either in army uniform or in the conventional black—but always sombre. Taft's double-width picture shows him in a light blue coat, white vest and red necktie. This color gayety on the part of his predecessor may have been Stimson's inspiration.

Whatever may have given Stimson his notion, our prediction is that within two or three years his better judgment will once more gain control of the delegates whereupon he will come around coaxing for the privilege of taking his picture away and storing it in some good, quiet attic. But it will be too late.

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Old Marc Smith, who is one of the senators from Arizona, smokes ponderous big, black he-cigars, and smokes them practically all the time. Sen. Tillman, on the other hand, quit smoking for his health's sake some time ago, and never touches a cigar. A short time again Tillman and Smith were both seated, with other senators, in a little committee room. Marc Smith, of course, was smoking. Tillman might as well have smoked himself, as every breath he took saturated his insides with the smoke Marc Smith was providing for the entire company. He complained to Smith about this. Whereupon the Arizona senator said:

"Tillman, when you talk that way I feel toward you almost as the man did whose wife was sick so long. The man said, you know, that he wished she'd either get well or—or do something."

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Pres. Wilson has a habit of writing statements to himself. He does it just as a matter of having memoranda on file, and to refresh his memory on what has gone before.

The other day a report got out that the president was about to take the whole country into his confidence on the Mexican situation. A well-authenticated rumor come from the white house offices that he was at work on a more or less exhaustive statement showing every step that had been taken in the case of Mexico for the last several weeks. The impression grew that this statement would be made public at 3:30 o'clock that afternoon, and the newspaper correspondents sauntered in expectantly. But there was nothing doing. The president had been at work on a statement all true enough, but it was addressed to himself.

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Atty. Gen. McReynolds does not drink or use tobacco, and when he swears he does so in a genteel, deprecatory vein that should not give the slightest offense to any one.

A Romance of Extraordinary Distinction

THE MARSHAL

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

Author of The Perfect Tribute, etc.

(Continued From Saturday.)

CHAPTER XIX.

Good News.

In the garden of the chateau of Vicques, where the stiff, gray stone vases spilled again their heart's blood of scarlet and etching of vines; where the two stately lines of them led down to the sundial and the round lawn—on one of the griffin-supported stone seats Alixe and Pietro sat, where Alixe and Francois had sat five years before.

Alixe, again in her dark riding-habit, with the blue feather in her hat and the gauntleted hands, was grown from an exquisite slip of a girl into a woman more lovely than the girl. Her eyes, when she lifted the long, exaggerated, curled lashes, held fire and force, and knowledge of suffering, it might be, under their steady smile, but held all these in control. This was a woman able not only to endure things, which is the gift of most women, but to do things. Pietro, his big arm stretched along the back of the stone seat, watched her—as Pietro had watched her always. It seemed never to trouble her to turn and find his honest eyes fixed calmly on her face. Pietro, whose illness at Ancona had put Francois in his place as the prisoner of Austria now these five years—Pietro had managed to get away from Italy and had joined Queen Hortense and her son before they entered Paris. Both the prince and Pietro had moved heaven and earth to find out the fate of Francois. That he had been taken by the Austrian squad at the end of his wild ride they knew. More than this they could not discover, except that one or two things pointed to the conclusion that he had been immediately executed. The prince believed this, and Pietro came to believe it. But Alixe had never believed it.

In these five years Pietro had not been back to Italy; the "inevitable Austrians" had put down in 1831 the revolution in the Romagna, the rising in which Prince Louis and Pietro, the Marquis Zappi, had taken part. In the war-torn country no movements of any importance had taken place since that. Pietro, a Carbonaro, a member of "young Italy," a marked man, was not safe inside the Italian frontier. With other patriots he awaited in a foreign country the day when he might go back to fight again for a united Italy. In the meantime he conspired, planned, worked continually for the patriot cause, and as continually he tried, though now without hope, to find a trace of Francois. The boy who had dashed through the Austrian soldiers on that morning at Chiana, and leaped to the landlord's horse and cleared his way through with the play of the old soldier's sword, and led a wild race, to fall into the enemy's hands at last—the boy had disappeared from the face of the earth. Pietro, grieving deeply for his old friend, grieving bitterly because it was in filling his place that Francois had met his fate, believed him dead. But Alixe did not believe it. Pietro was often at Vicques now, and the two went over the question again and again. One might not speak to the general of Francois; the blow had been heavy, and the old soldier's wound had not closed; it might not be touched. But Pietro and Alixe spoke of him constantly.

Today, as they sat in the garden, they had been going over the pros and cons of his life or death for the thousandth time. Pietro's quiet gray eyes were sad as he looked away from Alixe and across the lawn to the beech wood.

"God knows I would give my life quickly if I could see him coming through the trees there, as we used to see him, mornings long ago, in his patched homespun clothes."

Alixe followed the glance consideringly, as if calling up the little, brown, trudging figure so well remembered. Then she tossed up her head sharply — "Who?" — and then she laughed. "I shall be seeing visions next, like Francois," she said. "I thought it was he—back in the beech wood."

"I see no one." Pietro stared.

"But you have no eyes, Pietro—I can always see a thing two minutes before you," Alixe threw at him. "There—the man."

"Oh," said Pietro. "Your eyes are more than natural, Alixe. You see into a wood; that is uncanny. Yes, I see him now. Mon Dieu! he is a big fellow."

"A peasant—from some other village," Alixe spoke carelessly. "I do not know him," and they went on talking, as they had been doing, of Francois.

And with that, here was Jean Phillippe Moison, forty now and fat, but still beautiful in purple millinery, advancing down the stone steps between the tall gray vases, making a symphony of color with the rich red of the flowers. He held a silver tray; a letter was on it.

"For mademoiselle."

Mademoiselle took it calmly and glanced at it, and with that both the footman and the Marquis Zappi were astonished to see her fall to shivering, as if in a sudden illness. She caught Pietro's arm. The letter was clutched in her other hand thrust back of her.

"Pietro!"

"What is it, Alixe?" His voice was quiet as ever, but his hand was around her shaking fingers, and he held them strongly. "What is it, Alixe?"

She drew forward the other hand; the letter shook, rustled with her trembling. "It is—from Francois!"

Jean Phillipe Moison, having stayed to listen, as he ought not, lifted his eyes and his hands to heaven and gave thanks in a general way, volubly unrebuked. By now the unsteady fingers of Alixe had opened the paper, and her head and Pietro's were bent over it, devouring the well-known writing. Alixe, excited, French, exploded into a disjointed running comment.

"From prison—our Francois—dear Francois!" And then: "Five years, Pietro! Think—while we have been free!" And then, with a swift clutch again at the big coat sleeve crowding against her: "Pietro! See, see! The date—it is only two months again. He was alive then; he must be alive now; he is! I knew it, Pietro! A woman knows more things than a man."

With that she threw up her head and fixed Jean Phillipe, drinking in all this, with an unexpected stern glance. "What are you doing here, Moison? What manners are these?" Then, relapsing in a flash into pure human trust and affection toward the anxious old servant: "My dear, old, good Moison—he is alive—Monsieur Francois is alive—in a horrible prison in Italy! But he is alive, Moison!" And with that, a sudden jump again into dignity. "Who brought this, Moison?"

Jean Phillippe was only too happy to have a hand in the joyful excitement. "Mademoiselle, the young person speaks little language. But he told me to say to Monsieur the Marquis that he was the little Battista."

Pietro looked up quickly. "Alixe, it is the servant from my old home of whom I spoke to you. I can not imagine how Francois got hold of him, but he chose a good messenger. May I have him brought here? He must have something to tell us."

Alixe, her letter tight in her hands, struggled in her mind. Then: "The letter will keep—yes, let him come, and we can read it all the better after for what he may tell us."

So Moison, having orders to produce at once the said little Battista, retired, much excited, and returned shortly—but not so shortly as to have omitted a fling of the great news into the midst of the servants' hall. He conducted, marching behind him, the little Battista, an enormous young man of six feet four, erect, grave, stately. This dignified person, saluting the lady with a deep bow, dropped on one knee before his master, his eyes full of a worshipping joy, and kissed his hand. Having done which, he arose silently and stood waiting, with those beaming eyes feasting on Pietro's face, but otherwise decorous.

First the young marquis said some friendly words of his great pleasure in seeing his old servant and the friend of his childhood, and the big man stood with downcast eyes, with the color flushing his happy face. Then, "Battista," asked the marquis, "how did you get the letter which you brought mademoiselle?"

"My father," answered Battista laconically.

"How did your father get it?"

"From the signor prisoner, my signor."

Alixe and Pietro looked at him attentively, not comprehending by what means this was possible. Pietro, remembering the little Battista of old, vaguely remembered that he was incapable of initiative in speech. One must pump him painfully.

"Was your father in the prison where the signor is confined?" Alixe asked.

The little Battista turned his eyes on her a second, approvingly, but briefly. They went back without delay to their affair of devouring the face of his master. But he answered promptly. "Yes, signorina; he is there always."

"Always?" Pietro demanded in alarm. "Is Battista a prisoner?"

"But no, my signor."

"What then? Battista, try to tell us."

So adjured, little Battista made a violent effort. "He is one of the jailers, my signor."

"Jailers? For the Austrians?" The face of the marquis took all the joyful light out of the face of little Battista.

"My signor," he stammered, "it could not be helped. He was there. He knew the castle. They forced him at first, and—and it came to be so."

"Knew the castle!" Pietro repeated. "What castle?"

Continued Tomorrow.